

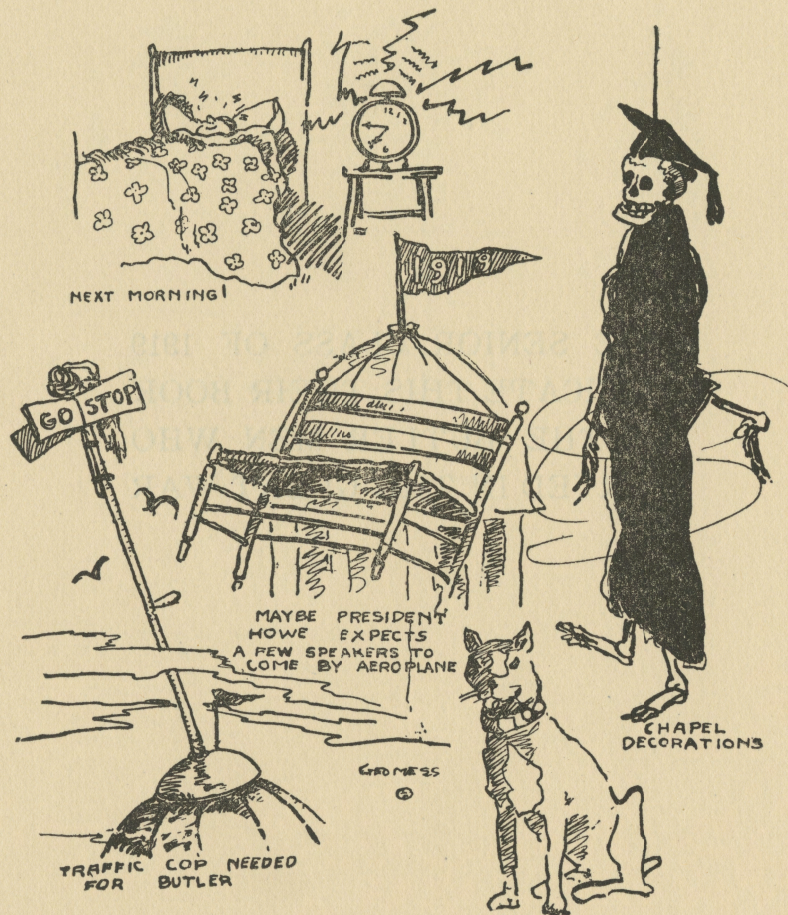
Senior Book
1919

The Class of 1919
Its Book

Butler

Margaret B. Redding

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1919
DEDICATE THIS THEIR BOOK
TO THE BUTLER MEN WHO
SERVED IN THE GREAT WAR



See What We Done!

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Wilbert SullivanPresident
 Mary Belle Pigman.....Vice-president
 Luella Nelson.....Secretary
 Carey C. Dobson.....Treasurer

CLASS DAY OFFICERS

Grace McGavranHistorian
 Jean BrownProphet
 Mary K. O'Haver.....Poet

SENIOR COMMITTEES

COMMENCEMENT ARRANGEMENTS

Henry Jameson, *Chairman*
 Genevieve Downs Helen Jaehne
 Ruth Montgomery Jean Brown
 Mary K. O'Haver

PUBLICATION

Edith Gwartney, *Chairman*
 Mary Edna Shelley Rebecca Sector
 Mary Roy Thompson Jean Brown
 Mary K. O'Haver

CLASS DAY NOMINATIONS

Gladys Webber, *Chairman*
 Dorothy Griswold Mary Brown
 Helen Jackson Ione Wilson

SENIOR CHAPEL DAY

Mary Belle Pigman, *Chairman*
Emerson Hinds India Wilson
Merle Stokes Edith Dailey

INVITATIONS

Elizabeth Moore, *Chairman*
India Wilson Harriet Ropkey
Mary Edna Shelley

CAPS AND GOWNS

Grace McGavran, *Chairman*
Edith Dailey Vera Morgan
Luella Nelson Max Baker

PICTURES

Hale Overstreet, *Chairman*
Dorothy Griswold Helen Wilson
Margaret Bloor

SOCIAL

Margaret Lahr, *Chairman*
Maurine Watkins Russell Putnam
Annie Mullin

MUSIC

India Wilson, *Chairman*
Edith Dailey Ione Wilson

DECORATIONS

Max Baker, *Chairman*
Harriet Ropkey Helen Jaehne
Ida Hert

SENIOR CHAPEL SPEAKERS

Gladys Webber Max Baker
Merle Stokes

THE CLASS OF 1919 - 43

BAKER, MAX—Technical; Indianapolis; Lambda Chi Alpha; Biology Club, '18, '19; character role in "One Drop More," '18; Quartermaster Sergeant in Butler S. A. T. C., '19; Senior chapel speaker.

Max has probably turned down more class offices than any other man in Butler, but was finally roped into the limelight when he successfully carried off the role of a pretty girl in "One Drop More." He has since been so harrassed by admirers who still insist on calling him "Carlotta" that he took refuge in the military world and made good.

✓ BLOOR, MARGARET—Shortridge; Indianapolis; Pi Beta Phi; Glee Club, '17; Volunteer work, Christamore, '17, '18, '19; Lotus Club, '16, '17; Social Service Committee Y. W. C. A., '19.

"Peggy" is a loyal Butlerite. Indiana failed to attract her from us even after her best friend went there. She has devoted most of her time to social service work and has reason to be proud of her distinct success in that line. She will be active in the Juvenile Court probation work in Indianapolis next year, with an office at Christamore Settlement.

✓ BROWN, JEAN ELIZABETH—Shortridge; Irvington; Kappa Alpha Theta; Lotus Club; vice-president Glee Club, '17; Biology Club Scholarship Fund Committee, '16-'18; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '17-'18, Geneva delegate, '17, vice-president, '18-'19; Philokurian; co-author "Safe in Siberia," '17, "One Drop More," '18; Collegian staff, '17-'18, editor, '18-'19; Senior Arrangements and Publication Committees; Class Prophet.

Generally acknowledged as the one who put the Jean in genius. Has lived up so well to her family's traditions of Butler loyalty that the faculty wonder now how they'll run the college without her. A girl whose spontaneous mirth, democracy and high ideals have made her generally loved and enjoyed.

✓ BROWN, MARY—Shortridge; Nashville, Indiana; Chemistry Club, '18; Biology Club, '17, '18, '19; president Biology Club, '18-'19; winner of Biology Summer Scholarship to Wood's Hole; Y. W. C. A.; French Club; winner of teaching fellowship to Washington University. *Mary Brown 3111 E. St. Paul St.*

As a Biology student and assistant Mary's second name was Industry, and she deserves all her honors. A girl universally admired. Conceals infinite mischief under much dignity. Denies that she'll be famous.

BUSSELL, CHASE—Rushville High School; Rushville, Indiana; entered Butler 1913; taught '14, '15, '16, '17; Indiana, summers '15, '16; Butler, '17, '18; majored in English.

Chase belongs to the real scholars who love knowledge for its own sake, and his experience teaching has made him a model of thoughtful industry at the library. He expects to teach and should make a success in continuing his profession. One of the quiet members of the class.

DAILEY, EDITH CHRISTINA—Greenfield High School; Indianapolis; Kappa Alpha Theta; Biology Club, '15, '16; chapel pianist, '17, '18, '19; Lotus Club, '15, '16; Y. W. C. A.; Philokurian Literary Society, vice-president, '18, '19; Dramatic Club, '18, '19. *Wied 1923*

Edith has more than one damaged career to account for on account of the skillful way in which she kept Freshman boys from suspecting that she was a Senior until Cap and Gown Day. Her childish blue eyes, golden hair, pink cheeks, and unsurpassed "jazz," make her popular wherever she goes.

DANIELS, FRED—Tipton High School; Tipton, Indiana; Phi Delta Theta; assistant librarian, '17; varsity football, '16, '17; character role of "Rosabelle" in "Safe in Siberia"; Double E.; Biology Club; Sergeant in Hqts. Co., 150th F. A., Rainbow; seriously wounded in action November 6, 1918. *new Mexico*

"Danny's" record speaks for him. Though he decided to be one of our members on short notice, his career in college and in battle made him a welcome addition. One of our football heroes as well as a war veteran. Everybody likes "Danny."

DOBSON, CAREY C.—Brownsburg, Indiana; Indianapolis; assistant librarian, '18-'19; Sandwich Club, '10, '17, '18, '19; president Sandwich Club, '17, '18, '19; Y. M. C. A.; senior treasurer.

Although decidedly inclined toward sandwiches, Mr. Dobson found time to engage in some of the more lofty sports about the college in his senior year. He is one of that type of sportsmen who do the job in hand well, but don't care to discuss it afterward. He has been a careful and observing student and the class expects to hear great things of his work in the ministry.

DOWN, GENEVIEVE ROSEMARY—St. Agnes Academy; Indianapolis; Kappa Alpha Theta; Dramatic Club, '15-'19; president Dramatic Club, '18, '19; character role in "The Brixton Burglary"; assigned leading role in "Green Stockings"; Lotus Club; Y. W. C. A. *X*

Genevieve is one of those high-minded, kind, loving, girls who inspire the rest of us to better things and gentler thoughts. She doesn't drag the stage into her daily life, but is pleasant and natural and then delights us by being a splendid actress on great occasions. A relentless philosophy student and Jordanite.

GORE, EDITH—Anderson High School; Indianapolis; Kappa Kappa Gamma; Indiana State Normal, '15-'16; Y. W. Geneva delegate, '17; Y. W. Cabinet, '17-'18. *X*

Edith was always being put on devotional or consecration committees for the Y. W. C. A., and why, nobody knows. She handled the job all right, but no one could ever guess from her actions how the "Y." cabinet found out her latent ability. Is now in Y. W. C. A. work in earnest, and her enthusiasm, good sense and cheerful disposition will carry her far in unselfish service. Has taught this semester.

GRISWOLD, DOROTHY RUPERT—Shortridge; Irvington; Indiana University one and a half years; Glee Club, '17, '18, '19; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '18-'19; delegate to National Student Conference Y. W. C. A., Evanston, '19; delegate Student Conference, Geneva, summers '17, '18.

Dorothy has delved deep in Philosophy and Sociology and has been a leading spirit in the Y. W. C. A. ever since she could talk. A steady, dependable girl and a good sport.

✓ *Emily, Glenn*

X GWARTNEY, EDITH ANN—Linton High School; Irvington; Delta Pi Omega; Lotus Club; Biology Club, '16-'17; French Club, '18-'19; Y. W. C. A.; chairman Senior Class Publication Committee.

How Edith has run the Irvington Library, majored in Social Science and Philosophy and always been so willing and sweet-tempered is still a marvel. Whatever she does, it will not be long until she changes her name. A girl whose school spirit is unquenchable and a tireless worker for all good college enterprises.

HERT, IDA ELIZABETH—Technical; Indianapolis; Delta Pi Omega; secretary Sophomore class, '16-'17; Glee Club, '16-'17; Biology Club, '16-'17. *Miss Harvey N. Brown - 756 Carlyle Place*

Ida is a mathematical genius as well as an astronomer. She is in her element when pointing out the wonders of the heavens or calculating the traffic mileage of the stars. When she is not expounding these subjects, she is like any other college girl and can giggle with the worst of us.

HINDS, ALICE GREENLEE—Atchison, Kansas; Y. W. C. A.; College of Missions; Student Volunteer Band president, '17-'18.

1413 Clay Ave. - Waco Texas
Alice is a fine pianist, violinist, language student and mathematics star, so what could Emerson do but marry her? Then she took cooking and he walked to the canteen door with her every day. It's a romance in whose happy culmination every one rejoiced. If Alice can't help solve the Mexican situation, nobody can, for "music hath powers." A very amiable, interesting girl with fine judgment.

HINDS, EMERSON—Livingston, Tennessee; Sandwich Club, '15-'19; Sandwich Club treasurer, '17-'18; Y. M. C. A.; Indiana State Prohibition Association president, '18-'19; College of Missions; Student Volunteer Band. *Waco Texas*

Emerson has been the target of many of Professor Harrison's jests since his marriage. A serious, high-minded but perfectly human fellow who has made a fine record in scholarship and industry and will be a worthy representative of his college and country in Mexico as a missionary. Expects to do graduate work in the larger universities for a time.

Hert
JACKSON, HELEN—New Castle High School; Lafayette, Indiana; Delta Delta Delta; Lotus Club, '15-'17; Chemistry Club, '15-'16; Dramatic Club, '16-'19; French Club, '17-'19; Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club, '18-'19. *Not Deceased*

Winner of a Romance Language scholarship at Wisconsin next year. "Jack" is a versatile person and can turn off a jingle or an epic or go on a ten-mile hike without turning a hair. An argument along any line of conversation from high heels to metaphysics has no horrors for her. A jolly, good sport.

Frank
✓ JAEHNE, HELEN COULTER—Shortridge; Indianapolis; Delta Pi Omega; Y. W. C. A.; Biology Club, '16-'17; Lotus Club, '16-'17; Glee Club treasurer, '18-'19. *Indiana Beach Florida*

Our girl from New York. A regular twentieth century girl who can juggle a mathematical equation and measure the stars and play with Philosophy with as much fervor as she can jazz and shout on the sidelines at all Butler athletic contests. Even Kant doesn't allow her to say can't, so she will no doubt get a Ph. D. before she stops.

JAMESON, HENRY MINCHNER—Shortridge; Irvington; Sigma Chi; football, '13; Collegian staff, '14-'17; Dramatic Club, '15-'19; tennis squad, '15-'19; cast "The Brixton Burglary," April, '16; business manager "The Yankee Consul," June, '16; president Dramatic Club, '19; stage director "Green Stockings," May, '19; chairman Senior Memorial Committee. *Richmond Ind*

Thurgood Law Co.
Henry followed the dignity of an army officer with that of a senior and a butler in "Green Stockings." Between the ladies, the army and dramatics, Henry's life has had its little thrills, all right. Among the first to enlist.

KARNS, KATHRYN—Shortridge; Irvington; Pi Beta Phi.

Kathryn is the capable sort—musical and artistic and a tireless knitter for the army for many good reasons. Has had some business experience and could have graduated last year but showed her good judgment by waiting for us. She has been teaching since February but there's no chance of her doing it forever. A jolly, wholesome, fine-spirited girl.

KINNEMAN, DORIS BOB—Goodland, Indiana; Earlham Freshman year; French Club. *lost*

Doris belongs to the dorm angels, which makes it hard for her to be late to class or to cut—but she's the dependable sort anyway. A jolly, interesting girl who never misses anything good in the musical or theatrical line in the city and is a good critic. She threatens to teach French and other things next year and will do it with a real joy. The inseparable companion of Julia Hennessey.

LAHR, MARGARET CARVER—Shortridge; Irvington; Kappa Kappa Gamma; Lotus Club, '16-'17; treasurer Y. W. C. A., '18-'19; Philokurian; Chemistry Club; Y. W. C. A. *Evander*

Miss Earl Mc Roberts - 2202 Central Park Ave - Ill.
Margaret has been nothing short of a financial genius in treasurer-ing for everybody and their club, in addition to carrying weighty affairs of the heart around with remarkable equanimity. Now she tells us emphatically that she is going into Y. W. C. A. work, but we'll watch and wait.

3515 N. E. 11th St. - Vancouver Wash.
Day, George -
MCGAVRAN, GRACE WINIFRED—Shortridge; Irvington; Kappa Alpha Theta; Lotus Club, '16-'17; delegate to Student Conference, Geneva, summer '17; Philokurean, '17, '18, '19; Glee Club, '18-'19; Student Affairs Committee, '17, '18, '19; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '17-'19; chairman Senior Cap and Gown Committee; class historian. *Berkley Cal.*

Grace was born in India and speaks the native tongue on request. She illustrates all her books for every one's delight and manages to hit the honor roll on occasions. Pretends to be very good but is a relentless tease, as her mischievous eyes attest. Will continue her studies abroad.

X
MONTGOMERY, RUTH—Shelbyville High School; New Albany, Indiana; Kappa Kappa Gamma; Lotus Club, '16-'17; Y. W. C. A.

Ruth tried Columbia University but came back to Butler to join us, fortunately. One of the standbys of the dorm and a girl whose friendship is highly prized—a sympathetic, jolly campus-comrade, who tries to avoid cases but who has not succeeded particularly well.

MOORE, MARY ELIZABETH—Manual Training; Indianapolis; Delta Delta Delta; Honor Roll, '17, '18; treasurer Glee Club, '17-'18; French Club, '18-'19; Y. W. C. A. candy dispenser.

19 Highland Mesa Court - N. Venice

Elizabeth's laugh is so contagious and her sense of humor so wholesome that she is a welcome addition to all groups, in spite of the fact that she is a French and Latin fiend of considerable brilliance. She has the happy faculty of being able to do anything well and then pretending that she isn't much account. A loyal and enthusiastic worker in all college affairs.

MORGAN, VERA—Manual Training; Indianapolis; Delta Pi Omega; Lotus Club, '16-'17; German Club, '16; Y. W. C. A. *lost*

A demure maiden with really much ability to do things well. The trouble with Vera is that she is planning to be a librarian in face of the fact that she is a born designer and costumer. Her friends hope that her natural talent will assert itself in time and that she will rival Paquin and other Parisians.

MULLIN, ANNIE—Hamilton College Preparatory, Lexington, Kentucky; Tazewell, Virginia; student at College of Missions; Biology Club, '17-'18; Collegian staff, '18-'19; Y. W. C. A.; especially interested in tennis. *Senore. memorial name. Columbia Mo.*

Annie has managed to go along quietly, get things down pat and be remarkably jolly, too. Has received her appointment as a missionary and expects to be in India soon. We shall watch her future proudly, for she is one who will reflect great honor on her Alma Mater.

NELSON, LUELLA—Valley Mills High School; Indianapolis; Delta Delta Delta; Lotus Club, '16-'17; Y. W. C. A.; chairman of Panhellenic, '18-'19; secretary Senior Class.

How Luella managed to get from Valley Mills to Butler for her eight-o'clock class is the world's eighth wonder. But she did, and never grumbled about it or anything else. She is a loyal Butlerite always, and if she is as good a teacher as she has been a student, we can prophesy a cheerful, worth-while future for her.

O'HAYER, MARY KATHERINE—Shortridge; Irvington; Kappa Alpha Theta; Sophomore vice-president; Student Affairs representative, '17; Student Affairs chairman, '18, '19; Collegian editor, '18; associate editor Collegian, '19; Philokurian; Y. W. C. A.; Honor Roll, '18; Senior Scholarship; co-author of "Safe in Siberia" and "One Drop More"; Class Poet.

Miss Harold Ausley 13 - 1508 W. Empire Freeport Ill.

The above are only half of Mary's titles, and yet they fail to portray, even to a small degree, her interest and energetic devotion to all activities that pointed to a larger or better Butler. Whenever she went into a thing she would see it through to success. One of those few who know "There's no such word as fail." Yet with all of her executive ability she has proved a loving and sympathetic friend to many Butlerites.

OVERSTREET, HALE—Lizton High School; came from Johnson Bible College to enter Butler Junior year; football, '17-'18; 'varsity baseball, '17-'18; 'varsity basketball, '17-'18; track in I. C. A. L. half-mile, '18; mile, '19; Sandwich Club; chairman of Senior Picture Committee. *Sat*

Overstreet has been a live wire in athletics and preached faithfully while he has been in college. His energy in basketball has been well directed against some of his opponents, and if he gives like enthusiasm to his profession we are sure of his success.

PIGMAN, MARY BELLE—Shortridge; Irvington; Kappa Alpha Theta; Lotus Club, '16-'17; Y. W. C. A.; Biology Club; vice-president of Senior Class. *Mrs E. E. Jones (22-1-1918)*

Pig has been placidly wearing a diamond for two years, and since Jimmie is out of the army her smile is broader than ever. Now she drives a car around corners on two wheels and performs other stunts. When she was a Freshman she was the best pitcher in school but she has taken some of that energy for just being a jolly good Senior, not depressed by her dignity.

PUTNAM, RUSSELL—Shortridge; Irvington; Delta Tau Delta; Philokurian; football, '17; Junior treasurer; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '17-'18; baseball, '18; chemistry assistant, '17-'18; Ft. Sheridan, '18; Sergeant S. A. T. C.

18327 Russell Rd - Cleveland Ohio
Putty came back from Ft. Sheridan in great style but was caught in the "flu" epidemic and suffered some of the horrors of war. Having a father on the faculty hasn't kept him from enjoying life, and he is indeed the Beau Brummel of the Chemistry girls. Expects to continue his chemical interests!

ROPKEY, HARRIET—Shortridge; Irvington; Kappa Kappa Gamma; Lotus Club, '16; wardrobe mistress "One Drop More," '18; chairman Senior Class-Day Committee.

Mrs Harriet Ropkey 14 - R.R. 2 Bloomington Ind.

Whenever Harriet started in to work you might rest assured of a howling success. Was an inspector and packer of surgical dressings for the Red Cross and received mail from all branches of the army which she was too busy to answer. Her big dog and car are part of the Irvington landscape. Is very young, so she will do graduate work in the East next year.

SECTOR, REBECCA—Shortridge; Indianapolis; French Club; Senior Publication Committee. *Sat*

Rebecca was among the loyal ones who journeyed all the way from Indianapolis to Irvington to get an education, and liking traveling so well she made infinite trips to New York, because an important part of the army was there and now she wears a diamond as big as —! One knows that her future is bright. She has shown a scholarly interest in college and is a friend worth cherishing always. Will honor Butler.

SHELLEY, MARY EDNA—Shortridge; Irvington; Delta Pi Omega; Y. W. C. A.; Lotus Club, '15-'17; chairman French Club membership committee, '18-'19; on Honor Roll entire four years; headed Honor Roll four times; holds scholarship next year in Romance Languages to Illinois University. *Mrs Thomas Harrison - Indianapolis Ind.*

Mary Edna took down every word that every professor said for four years and cleaned up our scholarship long-distance stakes as a result. In addition, her chief interest is at Purdue, though "there are others." She'll do anything, even get a P. D. D.

STOKES, MERLE—Shortridge; Indianapolis; Alpha Kappa Alpha; Butler, '16-'17; Wilberforce University, '17-'18; Butler, '18-'19; Senior chapel speaker; another one of our Honor Roll students. *Deceased*

Merle made her A. B. in three years and comes out the youngest member of the class—at the tender age of eighteen. For real scholarship and delight in learning, she is a shining example to all of us, and will make good whatever she does. A pleasant, refined, interesting girl, whose fine spirit at college makes her deserving of much honor.

SULLIVAN, WILBERT—Clinton High School; Indianapolis; came to Butler Sophomore year from Transylvania University; treasurer Y. M. C. A., '18; 'varsity football tackle, '18, '19; president Y. M. C. A., '17-'18, '18-'19, president Senior Class.

Sully is the kind that could play through a football game with a broken arm and smile—and he did it. A fellow bubbling over with good spirits and enthusiasm for all the worth-while things in college. Everybody's friend.

THOMSON, MARY ROY—Shortridge; Indianapolis; Delta Pi Omega; Lotus Club, '15-'16, '16-'17; Glee Club, '17; Y. W. Scrapbook, '17; Y. W. C. A.

Mary Roy thought enough of Butler to come out every day from Broadway—for four years—even if connections had to be made over the Broad Ripple line. Behind a superabundance of dignity she is able to conceal her varied interests, which include musicians and agriculturalists. Another one of the class who will prepare high school students for college.

WATKINS, MAURINE—Crawfordsville High School; Indianapolis; Kappa Alpha Theta; Hamilton Freshman, Transylvania Sophomore and Junior year; took leading role of Celia in "Green Stockings" on twenty-four hours' notice and carried it triumphantly. *sent Cal.*

Maurine has studied all the languages that are, and having exhausted Europe she is taking Hindu for fun with Greek as a dissipation. A girl of splendid ability and rare good judgment on all occasions, who has won our admiration in one short year.

WEBBER, GLADYS LEE—Kentland High School; Kentland, Indiana; Kappa Kappa Gamma; Philokurian; French Club, '18; Student Affairs Committee, '18-'19; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; chairman of Senior Class-Day Officers Committee; Senior chapel speaker.

"Hap" has always been the cheerfulest, calmest person around the dorm, and her real enjoyment of things is contagious. She doesn't tell what she is going to do, but whether it is being as good a librarian as she has been here, or teaching, she will do it well. We are proud that she came back to graduate with us. *sent*

WILSON, HELEN MARTHA—Shortridge; Indianapolis; Delta Pi Omega; Lotus Club, '15, '16, '17; German Club, '16; Glee Club, '17; Y. W. C. A. *ms Paul Miller - 965 N. Audubon Rd.*

Helen carries under her abundant black curly hair and behind her black eyes all that the picture portrays. Possesses a mind of her own which she uses with a diplomacy that will no doubt win for her great fame. A true and special friend to timid girls. Helen's dramatic ability, which she hides under a bushel, will be allowed to shine out, we hope.

WILSON, INDIA—Shortridge; Irvington; Kappa Alpha Theta; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '17-'18; Geneva delegate, '17; choir; Philokurian; library assistant, '18-'19. *ms Uigle Sunday 945 Chapman Ave - Bangalore Cal.*

Whether India played her violin or studied or taught as a substitute, she put her whole soul into it and succeeded. Her conspicuous devotion to the best college activities and her books has not kept her from enjoying a little romance on the side, though she has been loath to admit it.

WILSON, IONE—Shortridge; Indianapolis; Kappa Alpha Theta. *ms E. G. Patterson - 4331 N. Penn St*

Ione has always been a model of neatness and precision and has kept all the professors from knowing that she was a genius in esthetic dancing and on the violin. Now that she is graduating as almost a youthful prodigy, she will go to Chicago University to get a few more degrees. A very serious-minded, capable, jolly little friend who mixes quietness and mirth at the proper time.

WINDERS, RUBY—Shortridge; Indianapolis; Pi Beta Phi; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.; choir. *5162 Central Ave.*

Ruby's singing has been one of the delights of college and there was general gloom when she left us in February to teach, but she has been as successful with that as with other things. We are hoping that she deserts teaching for grand opera and that she sends autographed pictures worth a hundred dollars to all members of the class as a safeguard to their futures. And she'll do that, too!

COMMENCEMENT WEEK

JUNE 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 1919

SUNDAY, JUNE 15—

Baccalaureate Sermon, 4 P. M.—Rev. A. B. Abbott, St. Louis, College Chapel.

Supper to Senior Class, given by the Faculty Club, at the Home of President and Mrs. Howe.

MONDAY, JUNE 16—

Philokurian Reunion and Banquet, 6:30 P. M.—Downey Avenue Christian Church.

TUESDAY, JUNE 17—

Soldiers' and Sailors' Day—

Welcome Home, 4 P. M.—College Chapel.

Dinner, 7:30 P. M.—Claypool Hotel.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18—

Breakfast of Class of 1919—College Campus.

Breakfast of Class of 1908—Ellenberger's Woods.

Class Day Exercises, 10 A. M.—College Chapel.

Luncheon of Class of 1914, 12:30 P. M.—Lincoln Hotel.

Alumni Reunion and Supper, 5 P. M.—College Campus.

Alumni Exercises, 7:30 P. M.—College Chapel.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19—

The Sixty-fourth Annual Commencement, 10 A. M.

Address—"Enthusiasm for Humanity," Judge Frederick A. Henry, of Cleveland, Ohio, College Campus.

CLASS POEM

MARY KATHERINE O'HAYER

Across a rainbow sea we slipped
Where silver waves and shadows skipped
And sly or truant sunbeams dipped
Their arrows while at play.
The winds propitious, slow or swift,
Would bid our rosy sails to lift
And with each breath a song would sift
Across our golden way.

But ours sufficient joy to know
A single thought, that all aglow
With life and color, ours to show
The treasure-ship of Youth.
We half forgot the rainbow sea,
And lost ourselves in fitful glee,
And only dimly could we see
The distant port of Truth.

And while we sailed in joy complete
With silver singing, liquid sweet,
And blue-birds fluttered near to greet
Our treasure-ship of dreams,
A sound of thunder swelled the sea,
It tore the rainbow spray in glee
And shrieked in fiendish ecstasy—
The music died in screams.

The port of Truth was lost from sight,
A fiery red obscured the light,
The sea was swallowed in the night,
 And burned itself in tears.
The treasure-ship was lashed and torn,
But by its compass was it sworn
To make the port, though bleeding, worn,
 To yield no point to fears.

The mast was firm; the tempest blew;
The treasure-ship of Youth could rue
No suff'ring with its compass true;
 The vision would it keep,
But lo! the compass, pierced and gnashed
By steel-winged arrows, slowly crashed,
Then swallowed by the waves, it flashed
 Into the stygian deep.

The heart of Youth! how swiftly fled,
As if with wings it leaped and sped,
And, Alma Mater, pride and dread
 Were tearing at thy soul.
Into the seething red and black,
Fast on the dizzy compass track,
Plunging and rushing, not looking back,
 A compass for a goal!

No sight of Youth, a hissing roar
Had filled the bloody trackless floor;
Our hope was gone, we saw no shore,
 But lo, a golden light!
And by its slender beam, behold,
The port of Truth was faintly gold;
The compass gone? But Youth had told
 That Truth was gleaming bright.

By golden light from golden stars
They won our compass back from Mars
And carried it on streaming bars
 Of glory and of Truth.
We see the treasure-ship of dreams,
The mast with strength and firmness beams,
And from its priceless compass gleams
 The endlessness of Youth.

Another sea is hid in mist
But golden stars through amethyst
Shall light our way; we keep the tryst;
 But Alma Mater, see,
We clasp thy compass and the mast
To gain the port of Truth at last,
Our future worthy of their past,
 In noblest service—free.

CLASS HISTORY

GRACE WINIFRED MCGAVRAN

It was in the fall of 1915 that the famous class of 1919 entered Butler. Nobody seemed to care much about us, that is, until the question of Honor System came up. The Freshman could swing the vote, so many and heated were the arguments advanced to convince the insignificant Freshman that the honor system was right and wrong. We decided we wanted it and it is still in effect.

The Sophomores voted one day that the Freshmen should wear green caps. We got ahead of them and paraded into chapel of our own accord, every one with a green cap.

One event still fills us with pleasure when we think of it. Ralph Cook and a few others fastened the Freshman colors on the old flag pole in the athletic field, and, of course, there was a great fight; needless to say, the Freshman colors stayed up. The faculty unfortunately ordered the flag pole cut down the next day. They were afraid we'd get hurt. In football and basketball we were equally lucky—the Sophomores were again defeated.

To add to our importance, the only man in college who could play the hero in the Senior operetta was Bob Wild. We felt considerably puffed up.

Nineteen sixteen-seventeen, our Sophomore year, was really the most eventful of the whole college course. The first excitement was the presidential campaign, and then, when we found we had not elected Hughes, came the breaking of diplomatic relations with Germany. "Tuck" Brown and Bill Young had been down at the Mexican border that summer and brought back plenty of exciting tales.

To add to the military air given by the returned veterans, military drill was started, and it became quite the usual thing for the dorm girls to go over and watch the performance on Irwin Field. Seven o'clock drill gave the men a good excuse for sleeping through all the morning classes.

We had planned a wonderful prom, but war was declared and it had to be called off, so we consoled ourselves by the production of

that masterpiece, "Safe in Siberia." The chorus was beautiful and the quick change made by Kenneth Elliott from "Alicia" to the Russian dancer and his performance along that line filled us with pride.

Soon after the play most of the cast entered the Officers' Training Camp and many of the boys in school enlisted. Drinking water and milk by the gallon and the changing of birth records before coming into the presence of examining boards, was a common occurrence.

Among the members of 1919 who enlisted, and were not able to graduate with us, were George Cornelius, Ralph Cook, Hilton U. Brown, Jr., DeForest O'Dell, Frank Sanders, Donald McGavran, Edwin Whitaker, Eugene Sims, Lynn A. Tripp, Frank Walton, Whitney Spiegel, Russell Putnam, William Young and Harold K. Roberts.

The fascination of the uniform caused many engagements and rumors of engagements, and many fraternity pins sought refuge from the horrors of war over fair hearts.

This was the first war commencement and most of the boys graduated in uniform. We began to lose hope of having any men in our class when we were ready to graduate.

Our Junior year was rather a quiet one. We formed, that is the girls did, a Patriotic League and joined Red Cross hygiene classes. It was at this time that the now famous "Knitting Song" by Mary O'Haver was written. We all began to knit—in classes, in chapel, and while out strolling on the campus. But it made the professors nervous, so it was forbidden in classes and chapel. A storm of protest arose, and after a hot campaign and petitions and indignation meetings, the faculty decided to let us knit in chapel.

The Service Flag was presented by the Sandwich Club and it was later carried in that famous parade in which so many of us nearly died of cold and waiting.

Ten-thirty classes on chapel days were seldom held for more than fifteen minutes, for in addition to the regular chapel speaker there was generally a Butler soldier on leave who had to tell us all about the army as it was and as it ought to be.

Then came the coal shortage and the class hours were shortened and every one but Mary Edna Shelley spent the hours between class watching the coal pile and counting it lump by lump, hoping

it would be quite gone some morning and we wouldn't have school. Our hopes were in vain. "Heatless Monday" didn't affect us because Monday is a holiday anyway.

That year we had charge of Clean-Up Day and did a good job. Professor Putnam lost only one rake. Mary Brown spent the day digging up all the worms from the campus to feed Professor Bruner's salamanders.

To finish the year came "One Drop More," by Jean Brown and Mary K. O'Haver. Some said it couldn't be done, but the boys were beautiful as chorus girls and it was a huge success. Words are useless. The enlisted men caused fear and trembling, but a special order was received from the War Office admitting that "One Drop More" was more important than anything else for the time being, and not a man was called till the Monday after the play. There was much favorable comment on the play from the local dramatic critics.

The "Double E's" and every one else turned out in force, as they did at "Safe in Siberia," and contributed vegetable and flower bouquets.

S. A. T. C.—Influenza—They are what we all think of at the beginning of the Senior year. The girls were absolutely disregarded and the professors were worn out. The schedule was changed four times for the S. A. T. C. men. It is rumored that at the fourth change Professor Johnson said, "Now it is time to swear!"

Then the armistice was signed and the town went wild. Marguerite and Madeline Postaire sang the Marsellaise at special chapel and we had a glorious celebration. It was weeks before we got the last of the talcum powder from our coats and hats.

It was late this spring that the weather vane went up. For the first time since 1896 the cupola was scaled and the next morning 1920-1919 shone forth in letters of blue. It was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It stayed up over a month before the Sophomores managed to put Prexy's chair in its place. But (and this is what proves the valor of those who are and have been in the class) the very next morning a new and shining pennant of 1919-1920, was replaced on the lightning rod. Step outside the building and you can see it.

Between stunts in aeroplanes by day and prowlings around the

cupola by night, the pigeons have had a hard time this year. Pigeons flying out in a hurry at night sound just like somebody sliding down the slate roof.

The last big event was the production of "Green Stockings" by the Dramatic Club, in which, at the last moment, Maurine Watkins took the leading role.

We finish as we began—with fame—the "Great War" Class of 1919.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 10:30 A. M.

Music—Solo.....Ruby Winders
Class Poem.....Mary Katherine O'Haver
Class History.....Grace Winifred McGavran
Class Prophecy.....Jean E. Brown

CLASS PLAY—"AUTOMATONS AUTOMATICALLY TABOOED."

CAST

Faculty Members—

Miss Weaver.....Luella Nelson
Professor Bruner.....Henry Jameson
Miss Butler.....India Wilson
Professor Morro.....Wilbert Sullivan
Professor Coleman.....Max Baker
Professor Jordan.....Hale Overstreet
Professor Putnam.....Gladys Webber
Professor Harrison.....Helen Jackson
Mrs. D. C. Brown.....Elizabeth Moore
Students.....Mary Brown, Mary E. Shelley, Ida Hert
Automaton Agent.....Helen Wilson
Automaton Trio.....
.....Ruth Montgomery, Russell Putnam, Mary Belle Pigman
Automaton Chorus—Helen Jaehne, Rebecca Sector, Mary Edna
Shelley, Edith Gwartney, Doris Kinneman, Mary Roy Thom-
son, Ida Hert, Merle Stokes, Margaret Bloor, Grace McGavran
Portrait.....Carey C. Dobson
General Manager.....Harriet Ropkey
Pianist.....Edith Dailey

CLASS PROPHECY

PODUNK, PODUNK COUNTY, JULY, 1930.

DEAR M. K. O':

Your letter of June 20th, telling about the Butler Commencement and the bits of news and scandal about members of our graduating class, put me into a state of glorified amazement.

I can imagine dimly the enthusiasm that must have been lavished on you when you made good your long-heralded visit to the scene of our college days. I always knew you would make our class famous and yet I can't keep back a thrill when I realize that I am writing to the President of the League of Nations. How did you ever escape the diplomats and interpreters, secretaries, committee chairmen, cabinet members and reporters? I can see them now, running around, pulling their hair, losing their leadpencils, etc., while you cut out in a ship of your own and made the good old U. S. A. in time for the Butler Commencement.

Of course I had read the news in the Alumna Quarterly about the new football stadium, donated by Rebecca Sector, who, you mentioned, now lives in New York, and about the great Butler Auditorium Theatre built on the site of the Ellenberger golf links. Butler has expanded over most of Irvington with its student buildings, gymnasium, laboratories, skating rinks, artificial lakes, agricultural grounds and picturesque campus, hasn't it? Some day I am going to lay aside my hoe and rake and let the crows get the corn, while I come back and see for myself the wonders that Miss Graydon so faithfully recounts.

But to get back to our class. The reunion held at Max Baker's residence on the Old National Road must have been jolly with all the brides of the ten intervening years since our graduation there. You mentioned that Mrs. McRoberts is entirely satisfied to live out in the suburbs so long as she can drive into town to keep in touch with the girls' work in the city Y. W. C. A. I have already forgotten Edith Gwartney's and India Wilson's married names, but tell Edith I am glad she didn't stick to her "wait and save plan," but married right away and only indulged in cataloging as a pas-

time. As you said, India must be an ideal hostess, living as she does, in a miniature forest with her cottage always thronged with young folks who crowd there to match hearts.

But, Mary O., I had to cease reading while I danced a highland fling when I read about Genevieve Down's contribution to our Alma Mater. To think she delayed her world tour, and broke a contract to appear before the peers of Europe, in order to bring her own troupe to give the first performance in the opening of the Auditorium theater. It must have been a great day for Butler. I read that there was no space left for parking airplanes within twenty miles of the college an hour before the performance. Genevieve has certainly gained the top in the theatrical line. Henry Jameson knew what he was doing when he asked that she give the initial performance. The theater under his managership ought to gain international recognition in no time.

Is it actually true that Mr. and Mrs. Hinds flew up from Mexico just to see that play? It is too bad that their community was holding a celebration in honor of their tenth anniversary, since that cut short their visit. That is one of the disadvantages of international friendships.

What a list of celebrated names our classmates include! There is Mary Brown, head of the Research Work at Johns Hopkins. (Does she still stubbornly maintain that she is not popular?) I have read articles by her in the "World Outlook" and I marvel that I was ever lucky enough to come in contact with such a mind. Then there is Mary Edna Shelley. She is head of the Romance Language Department at Smith, I understand. I was really surprised at that, her tendencies being of a romantic turn during the closing months at Butler. I expect an announcement any time now, though, since she has now realized the aim she set for herself when a Freshman at Butler. Helen Jaehne will probably take her place in that event.

But mirabile dictu, dei immortalis, what's all this about the Butler north pole expedition? You say that Russell Putnam, now head of the Chemical Department at Butler, received a call from the Government to send a body of informed men to the north pole for the purpose of making an accurate and conclusive scientific survey there to settle a dispute between the authorities on the status quo of the zymogens and vasoconstrictor neurons of the original inhabi-

tants of that region. "Putty," recalling the peculiar genius that certain of our members displayed for exploring the dangerous and unfrequented heights, sent out a call to the class at large asking for volunteers.

Et, nil mortalibus ardui est, you write me that Ida Hert, Annie Mullin, Helen Wilson, Elizabeth Moore, Mary Roy Thomson and Dorothy Griswold rose to the emergency. It must have been a tense moment when all settled themselves into the airplane, designed and engraved in delicate tracery by Vera Morgan; when Professor Johnson gave the final instructions to Ida about dodging the stars; when Professor Greene, who arrived at the last moment, gave Helen parting suggestions about the more intricate mechanism of the plane; when the Butler band struck up the strains of the new song written by Mrs. D. C. Brown, and finally when they swept off the ground and soared up into the clouds. I can fairly hear the reverberating shout that clove the skies.

To tell the truth, I was somewhat taken aback by all this, but then, I can see Ida Hert at the helm, all right, steering the ship's precarious flight through frosty clouds by the light of the stars and higher mathematics; but Dorothy Griswold, on the desolate plains at the edge of the terra firma, digging her heel into the glacier and picking out matrix, lacunae and bonedust, that is quite beyond me. And yet you say that she alone assembled enough fossils to fill one whole section of the Butler anthropological laboratory. It was through her, you state, that the party discovered the arcus pharyngopalatini of prehistoric man. Elizabeth Moore must have been a solid comfort to Dorothy during those crucial investigations.

To drop back from the thrilling feats of the aeronautic anthropologists, I shall divulge a few items that you evidently have not heard of. Chase Bussell has delved deep into Latin hieroglyphics and has resurrected a verb, hitherto unheard of, which, if proved of authoritative origin, will overturn the entire modern conception of the Latin tongue.

I was out spraying cabbage the other morning, when I happened to glance up and beheld Mrs. Mary Belle Simms sailing by in her new plane. She saw me and dropped to a sycamore, where she anchored, then let down her telephone apparatus and we had a regular talk. She told me that Edith Dailey is pianist in the New York Winter Gardens with a salary of a thousand an hour. From

her picture in the New York Times, I could see that she had lost none of her childlike charms. Ione Wilson, by the way, has followed Edith to ye metropolis and at first took up esthetic dancing, but has since found her forte to be setting the style on the skating rinks. They report that she is grace personified, and is devoted to her work.

Harriet Ropkey went West, but no doubt you suspected that move even before we graduated. It must be an easy life as the wife of a wealthy and prominent lawyer.

Whom do you think I saw at the Podunk county fair this week? No, not Luella Nelson, though she was there demonstrating a model electric farm implement of her own invention, that plows, harrows the ground and plants the seed all at the same time. It was Mr. Dobson. He was with a troupe of acrobats, and when I first saw him he was just ready to make the ascent up a rope that reached to the ground from an airplane far up in the blue. He held the crowd two straight hours. I asked him after the performance how he had come to leave the ministry, and he replied that the taste he had had of high climbing in the last months at Butler had got into his blood. He had become a professional steeplejack. He added, though, that even now he often halts midway in his dizzy ascent and turns to his hypnotized audience and drops them words of wisdom and inspiration. He finds that the attention he receives on such occasions averages better than that of the usual Sunday morning congregation.

Nothing short of miraculous typifies the deeds of Mr. Sullivan. You have heard of him, you say, along ministerial lines, but I hear of him oftener in connection with his Interstate Football League of Preachers. Whenever he goes into a new community he picks out the leading all-around men, sends them to Butler, coaches them until they are good enough for the league, then he sends them back to the village whence they came, where they preach the gospel and Butler and football. Professor Gelston estimated that he sent five hundred men to Butler within the last year by that method.

The Podunk County Herald has just come. Well, M. K. O', I guess they have to hand it to our class so far as progressive energy is concerned. By the headlines I see that the first subway from Hoboken to London, built by Hale Overstreet, is now finished, and that the tourists to make the initial trip are to be Edith Gore, Ruth

Montgomery, Ruby Winders and Kathryn Karns. The first two, the article continues, go for the thrill of the adventure, but Miss Karns is on her way to Paris to buy her trousseau. Miss Winders, the American contralto, will make her debut abroad within a week after her arrival.

Do you ever see the Literary Digest? I see that the latest thing in good literature is Maurine Watkins' "Biography of Miss Weaver." The years she has devoted to the editorship of the Atlantic Monthly will not seem to have been in vain to her now.

Doris Kinneman was a revelation to me. Do you ever get to see her over there at Paris? I suppose you know that she is the best known reader in France. I have heard that she has been asked to speak in the open air theaters over the world because her voice is best suited for that kind of platform.

You asked about Margaret Bloor. "Peggy" is still one of those people who do the work of the world but never say anything about it. She got so deep into social service work and child welfare that politicians got worried and reformed. She is now supervising such work all over the United States.

From the different remarks in this letter, you have probably sensed the fact that I live on a farm in the town of Podunk, which is somewhat removed from La Vie Intense, but I never feel far away from any part of the great world. For instance, I got a letter from Gladys Webber this morning, which was written last night, and she lives in Panama. You know she directs all the public schools there. The modern air-mail service certainly keeps a person up to the minute. By the way, Helen Jackson was the first woman to direct that branch of the government service, wasn't she? She dropped me a line the other day, saying that she comes across Fred Daniels quite frequently. He has to have an airplane take him from parsonage to parsonage every Sunday, in order to cover half of his territory as an evangelistic preacher. People wonder where he ever picked up that marvelous flow of oratory, but I wouldn't be surprised if he were using up some of that he had stored up while recovering from the wounds he received in action.

Another enlivening news item is that Merle Stokes has finished her famous review of "The Rebirth of Russian Literature."

Here's a message that will floor you. I just got a wire from Grace McGavran. She has married an English banker, who lives

in India. Isn't it a joke on Grace to think that she will live there after having sworn she never wanted to see that place again? She seems to have forgotten the climate, however.

And now, "Chon," as I sit here thinking over these old friends, and recall the jolly good days we spent together at Butler, I see again the old chapel, our classmates as they were on that long past Class Day, happy, careless, jubilant. Who would have thought that ten years from that date, a letter like this one was likely to hold back the world twenty minutes while you stopped working to read it. But, the air-mail siren wakes me from this fond dreaming and bids me say farewell to the chapel, to the old legless piano, to those carefree school days, to the kindly faces which looked down from the surrounding walls as in benediction upon us.

Here's to them all, that innumerable throng that made our college life beautiful.

Yours as ever,

J. E. B.